

# THE INTERNATIONAL PSYCHIC GAZETTE

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## Our Outlook Tower.

### THE DAWN OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

SIR OLIVER LODGE, preaching to members of the British Association at Oxford on Sunday, August 8, said that Lord Balfour had held out the augury that there would soon be some new great revolution in science. But in what direction would that occur? "If I am to make a guess," said Sir Oliver, "I would say that, whereas all through the nineteenth century and up to the present time we have been dealing chiefly with the material world, there now lies before us the discovery of the spiritual world." Indicating by what questions and answers the discovery would be arrived at, he said:—

"Does man survive? If he does, then the present man is not the highest being we have cognisance of. If this life is a mere episode of the spiritual part of our existence, and if we are workers in another sphere, we shall become beings a little higher than anything we know of hitherto. We are not limited to our animal existence; we go on with the adventure, we rise to become beings of a higher order, and once we have stepped over the limit, the grave, the gate of death, there is no end to the ascent. We are surrounded by intelligence; space is full of it. It does not make any appeal to our senses. We do not know of it in that way, but it is coming into touch with us; it is coming within our ken; we shall feel that we are not lonely, isolated, separated, but that we are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, and by a company of helpers in a marvellous spiritual world of which we have hitherto been scientifically ignorant. I have not the weight of science behind me in saying this. Many will disagree; but I think that that kind of evidence is coming, and will be attended to, will force itself upon our attention, and that before the British Association meets again in Oxford our view of the aspect of the universe will be revolutionised once more and beyond all previous scope."

This optimistic prophecy clearly indicates Sir Oliver's belief that the admission of psychical and Spiritualistic knowledge into the region of recognised science will not be much longer delayed. And science will thereby become vastly enriched, for its rigid adhesion to a purely materialistic view of the Universe has been cramped, lop-sided, and unilluminated.

### "DOUBLE REMEMBRANCES!"

THE *Daily Express* says the following remarkable story was given to its representative on August 16 "concerning"—(not by)—"a man of impeccable honesty of thought, and accurate to a minute degree in his ordinary recollection and description":—

"He was coming out of a theatre and saw a man whom, as far as any of his friends with him knew, he could never have seen before. Recollection, however, came to him, he strode over to the man, and said, 'I killed you once.' The other replied, 'I remember: in a chariot race in Rome.' The first man agreed that the recollection was perfectly correct."

The *Express* swallows this pretty story, told at second-hand, with perfect facility and says sententiously, "This is a surprising instance of double remembrance!" An intelligent school-boy would have asked for the address of at least one of the alleged witnesses of this romantic encounter. Also, he would have been anxious to meet the two living principals in this stirring tragedy of long ago. And he would thereupon have proceeded to question the two gentlemen separately on the other facts, if any, which happened to remain within their mutual recollection of their contemporary life in ancient

Rome. But the *Express* representative was not so inquisitive! The classical instance of "double remembrance" is far more "surprising." Mrs. Besant and Bishop Leadbeater claim to both remember—(see their book, "Whence, How, and Whither")—the time when the former was Hercules (a mythical character who never lived at all) and when the latter was his—or rather her—wife! And most wonderful of all they can still remember the names of the ten children of their marriage in that far-distant time! Now, what story of "double remembrance" can ever cap that?

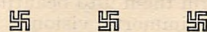
### A FAMOUS WELSH POET.

THE *Daily Express* of August 20 has a first-page article on "A Shakespeare of the Films. Sudden Fame for Unknown Poet," and announces that Mr. Clifford King, a native of Breconshire residing in Brighton, has just sold his dramatic poem "Cleopatra" to the Unione Cinematografica Italiana, who will produce it as a super-film at a cost of £100,000. The *Times Literary Supplement* has called Mr. King "a mighty Caesar of the realm of eloquence," the *Athenaeum* has referred to his "astonishing analogy and imagery," and the *Academy* has described his poetry as "a tide of eloquence." Nine years ago Mr. King called as a total stranger on Professor Millott-Severn of Brighton and had his "bumps" read! The professor during his interview at once discovered his visitor's genius for poetry, and sent us the full delineation which we published with Mr. King's portrait in June, 1917. The following is an excerpt:—

"His large Ideality and Sublimity, combined with large Constructiveness and Causality, give him expansiveness of mind, a prolific imagination, lofty ideals and sentiments, refinement, and a love for what is magnificently grand, immense, majestic, romantic and sublime. His remarkable creative capacity, constructive ability, literary conception, and amply-developed poetic sentiment are enhanced by mental intensity and strong emotional feeling; and his remarkably large Language gives extraordinary ability for verbal and literary expression. Everything in nature and art appeals to his intensely emotional temperament and susceptible disposition. He is a mystic and psychic of no mean degree. He possesses all the mental qualities to distinguish him as a remarkable and great national poet."

We congratulate Professor Severn on this by no means solitary example of his phrenological acumen.

J. L.



### READERS' TESTIMONIES.

An *Epping Forest Subscriber*: "The *Gazette* is of very absorbing interest, constituting a mental antidote to many distressing things—factors of unrest on this plane. Such vital things *live* and speak for themselves."

Miss Lilian Whiting, author of "The World Beautiful," etc.: "I mean to be always a subscriber to your *Gazette*, for it is most interesting and valuable, and I love the fine and noble and generous spirit with which you conduct it."

"THE MEDIUM" is the name of a new Spiritualistic journal, which will be "devoted exclusively to matters of prime interest to the medium." It will be edited by Mr. Horace L. Hambling, 287 Hilltown, Dundee, N.B., and its first issue will be on September 15.

The essential spirituality of the British people is a very real force and is, we suggest, a far more potent factor in the development of humane idealism, or should we say spiritual idealism, than the religious enthusiasm engendered by a passive acceptance of mis-interpretations of Christ's teaching, which pass to-day for Christianity.—*Spiritualist Community Leaflet*.



## The Mystery of Pain.

By "HEATHER B.," Author of "Healing Thoughts."

**THE MYSTERY OF PAIN**—who can unravel it? It is a thorny subject to discuss, and yet it is one that every thinker strives to solve. The Why? for all the pain and sorrow, the temptations, vicissitudes, and misery that seem to be the lot of humanity? Why all the ugly things, all the hardships that press so heavily on a large proportion of our fellow men, women and children?

De Voe writes forcibly on this subject:—"Free your mind for ever from the delusion that suffering is part of the divine plan of redemption. Suffering is the result of the undeveloped animal nature, born from those qualities that man has retained from the lower animal species. Selfishness, vindictiveness, anger, jealousy, deception, etc., are from below, not from above, and these elements in human nature result in all the diseases, pains, and evil environments that man is heir to through natural heredity. These are not the attributes of divine justice conspiring to repay for an evil done in the past; they are the attributes of ignorance."

There is no escape from the law of cause and effect. If we transgress God's laws, and attempt to frustrate His plan, either ignorantly or wilfully, we must pay the penalty. If we refuse to advance with the stream of evolution and to obey the law of growth, we must suffer. It is the attitude of opposition which causes pain. The wise swimmer makes use of the current and is carried forward by it, instead of exhausting himself by fighting against it. Painful experiences should make us ask ourselves, "Are we co-operating with evolution, or are we foolishly resisting the forward urge and giving ourselves unnecessary pain?"

A great deal of human suffering comes from getting out of harmony with the rhythmic law of nature. The force which keeps the universe in existence is rhythmic. When man in his ignorance or wilfulness opposes this law, he becomes out of harmony with it, out of tune with the orchestra of life, and so is sick and unhappy.

All discord is pain. The great reality is the perfection and harmony of the Absolute. If we would have health, love, beauty, and happiness, we must live in harmony with the Great Reality and not let our mind dwell so much on the relative realities of ugliness and disease.

We ourselves are responsible for much of the pain we suffer. Sometimes our own disposition and conduct have been the root and cause of all our trouble. What we think of things, what we believe or fear, is registered on our subconscious mind, and brings forth the likeness of our thought or fear. What we do and think to-day has its effect on our to-morrow. We know that dwelling on grief and trouble debilitates us; nervous hurry, anxiety, or self-pity make us feel sick and miserable; fighting and opposing our environment or circumstances exhausts us. Let go then! Cease fighting! Relax! Float with the stream! Use it to carry you to a new objective. Do not waste your strength resisting the march of events, but direct them to the best account. Turn your consciousness to the bright side of things and do not let it be deceived by physical sensations. Let the light from your own spirit shine on the so-called ugly things of earth and transform them into beautiful things. Look on mortal things with immortal vision!

It has sometimes helped me when oppressed by pain or grief to picture the life of a tapestry worker who, until his work is finished, does not see the complete idea of the designer, he has before him only the reverse side, the ragged ends. If one is a conscientious worker he follows faithfully that portion of the plan which has been shown him, knowing that if he trusts to the direction of the Master Designer and adheres to the plan, and does his best to co-operate with it and carry it out, he will some day, when the finished side is shown on the great screen of the hereafter life, see his piece of work as a part of the perfect whole. So true it is that "on earth are the broken arcs"; it is only on reaching the spirit life that we shall see "a perfect round."

How can we hope to know what trust in our Father-God means, if we have not been tried and tested by adversity? Without darkness we should not know light, nor without evil understand good. Without pain, with nought to overcome, might not the spirit of man sleep on in slothful inertia? Light and shadow are necessary to our evolution on this plane. We learn by contrasts. Afflictions are the real tests of our faith and prove not only our weakness or our strength, but the quality of our trust in God. We have no promise of a primrose path here on earth!

The rockbound nature may be cleft by a sorrow or

illness and the pent-up water of life well forth and thus bring a new understanding and happiness to the sufferer. Note too how trouble calls out some of the finest traits of human character—courage and fortitude in the sufferer; gentleness, loving service, and sympathy from others.

Do not be discouraged by catastrophe and affliction; search for the lesson it would impart to you. God moves in what seems to us mysterious ways to aid His erring children, but as Basil Wilberforce says, "Divine Love is in the midst of this school of pain and sorrow. He does not permit, He endures it."

How much there is around us that we fail to comprehend! The mystery of His Will, who can fathom it? "Even the mystery which has been hid from ages and generations is but now made manifest to His saints." While still in the flesh and of the flesh the mysteries are wisely hid from us, but to those who trust Him will He reveal them. For, as the Master is reported to have said to His disciples—"To you it is given to know the mystery of the Kingdom of God," and the approach thereto. If we listen reverently we shall surely catch from the deep, central, pulsing heart of all things, the message, and be able to say with Browning—"The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound; what was good, with, for evil, so much good more. On earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round."

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NOTE.—The Theosophist answers the whole question of pain and suffering with the one word "Karma." But does that thought really help to lift man above physical sensations and lighten pain, or cheer the sufferer and enable him to overcome anxiety and lessen his troubles on this plane?—"H. B."

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## THE KEY TO PSYCHIC POWER.

By EVA CLARK.

**I**S it true that everyone is mediumistic? Undoubtedly so. The idea that any soul is sent into this world without means of contact with the other side is incredible. And yet so many people lament their inability to get into touch with other spheres. They seem to have no channel of communication except through the mediumship of others. The existence of such souls seems to upset the theory of universal mediumship.

The key to the puzzle, however, can be found in some words of Jesus, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." In other words, "Go back to your childhood." By so doing the kingdom of psychic power can be entered, as well as the Kingdom of Heaven.

If the mind is carried back to the early days of youth, everyone will find that there was some "funny way" at which older people used to laugh, which will probably show where the power of mediumship lies. Were you in the habit of talking aloud, apparently to yourself, always feeling that someone was with you hearing and answering? Then it is most probable that you are naturally clairaudient. Did the bedroom furniture seem to be transformed into living shapes when the light went out at night? Had you the impression of looking down long passages at people moving at the other end, or of seeing masses of beautiful flowers? These and similar memories indicate the gift of clairvoyance. Had you a constant and seemingly senseless desire to scribble, even after you had learned to write? If so, you should be an automatic writer.

So one might continue. There are many paths along which our angel friends can come and go, but these are the most familiar. In practically every case the power is manifested in childhood. The power of inspirational painting, for instance, would be seen in a constant desire to dabble with paints, no natural gift of artistic self-expression being evident.

The laughter of the family, the hard materialistic training of school and business, have in many cases driven even the memory of the "funny way" into the hidden recesses of the mind. Dig it out. It will provide the key to the door; and having found the key, use it. --

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Every cell in us thinks.—Thomas A. Edison.



## The Vagaries of Mickey on Two Planes.

By GLADYS OSBORNE LEONARD.

*The following is another of Mrs. Osborne Leonard's charming stories, which will appeal especially to lovers of animals. It was told us on March 20, 1918, in a beautiful old-world garden in Buckinghamshire, while we sat in camp chairs under a wide-spreading maple-tree. Mrs. Leonard had just accepted this hospitable retreat on account of her Hertfordshire home having been shaken to its foundations by German bombs. This was within a month of the interview in which she described to us her remarkable "Travels in the Astral," republished in our July number.*

I WOULD like to talk to you a little about animals existing in the next world, for I have had proof that they do exist after they leave this earth-plane.

I once had a cat I was awfully fond of. His name was Mick (or Mickey). He was not at all a pretty cat. He was supposed to be white, but was usually a sort of dirty-grey colour. He was in fact really a ragamuffin of a cat, and had a natural aversion from being clean. He steadily declined a bath at any price, and I once dry-shampooed him to make him look respectable, but he was immediately dirty-grey again, so I did not think it worth while persevering in my civilising efforts. Though his body was white he had two little black spots on the back, with a jet-black tail. He used to fight every cat in any neighbourhood we happened to be in.

He had a most interesting history from beginning to end. My husband and I were living in rooms at the time, and Mickey was accidentally born in our bedroom, so we really had him from birth. One morning, when I opened my wardrobe door I found a big jet-black cat, with four black kittens and one white one. The mother cat had somehow pulled down one of my dresses to make them all comfortable. The four black kittens, I believe, were consigned immediately to a watery grave, but I had taken a fancy to the white one, and insisted on keeping it. That was seven or eight years ago, and he was brought up with us. We were never separated from him, excepting once for three days when he was about twelve months old. We had had to go out of town and left him behind, but on our return we were told that he had neither eaten nor drank anything while we were away, and that he had simply lain moping on the landing until we came back; so we determined we would never leave him again.

After that we took him with us wherever we went. He travelled thousands of miles with us, in Scotland, Ireland, and all over England. He used to walk up and down the railway platforms with us, and everybody took notice of him. We took him to hotels, boarding-houses, and apartments, but wherever we were, he used to slip out of his basket at night, and after smelling round the front door-step until he had made himself thoroughly sure of it, he went out on the prowl, and always came back in the morning.

He never mee-owed properly in his life. He had a tiny little piping voice for all ordinary purposes. It was quite an extraordinary voice. If he wanted his dinner he asked for it with his funny little cry, but he had a tremendous voice when he was fighting; he then squalled most horribly.

We used to take him for long walks with us in London, even where there was busy traffic, and he never got hurt. When we were living in North London a lady rushed in to me one day and said, "That cat of yours is holding up all the traffic!" My husband and I ran at once to the spot indicated by the lady, and found Mickey sitting comfortably in the middle of the road, between the electric tram lines, comically washing his dirty face, and enjoying the sensation he was making, for quite a crowd had gathered round and were shrieking with laughter. Motor cars swerved past him, for he would not budge, and a tramcar driver had kindly drawn up rather than run him over. He *must* have looked uncanny, for nobody was trying to shift him. I went up to him, collared him, and took him home, not a little proud of his achievement!

When we were going out at night we would say, "Come out for a walk, Mick." He immediately was on the alert, shook himself like a dog, and was at the front door before us. He trotted along quite happy on the outward journey, but he never liked coming back, so we used to delude him by taking a route working homewards a different way, and he was usually disgusted when he

found himself back in his own street, when he supposed he had been still going on. He might have suspected what we were doing if he had been paying attention, but he used to make the journeys interesting to himself by chasing every stray cat he saw.

He liked towns better than country places. We took him to Windsor once and lived in rooms near the Great Park. He was terribly bored by the quietness of it. We did not tumble to that idea all at once, but one day we took him a nice walk up the Long Drive. The grass had been allowed to grow very long on each side of the Drive, so he could not amuse himself very well by private escapades. When we had gone about a mile, my husband and I sat down on a tree-stump, and Mickey sat down too. Gradually we noticed that he was looking very bored, and he kept gazing at us in a most piteous sort of way. Then he suddenly gave a horrible, disgusted howl and made off as fast as possible, going almost flat on his stomach, scenting like a dog, and thus he led us quickly back home.

We brought him to stay in London four years ago, and he lived comparatively peaceably there for about a year. He died on the 20th of March three years ago. Why, this is the anniversary! Is not that extraordinary? Mickey died three years ago this very day, and here we are talking of him! I have the date written down on the envelope that contains his neck-ribbon. Three years ago to-day he came in in the morning looking very ill, apparently poisoned. I went out all round the neighbourhood looking for a vet. One was away from home, another could not come until two o'clock, and I was at my wits' end. About 11.30 I went out again to look for another, in vain, and when I returned poor Mickey had gone. I grieved terribly for him, and missed him awfully.

Nine months before that happened a friend had given me a biscuit-coloured Pekinese dog. I called her Ching. Mickey took to her at once; he was not the least jealous of her. He used to let her eat off his saucer, or even take bits of food out of his mouth. Ching, on the other hand, was very naughty, and used to tease Mickey to play when he did not want to be bothered. Ching was rather rough too, and I had to thrash her very hard once or twice to try and break her from teasing Mickey. He used to get out of her way by jumping up on a table or some other high place.

For some weeks after Mickey died nothing happened, but one night about eleven o'clock I was sitting quietly reading, and something made me look up from my book. Then I saw Mickey, in the astral body, sitting on a kind of shelf under the table. I did not move in any way. In fact, before I could call my husband's attention to it Ching, who was asleep on the hearthrug, suddenly began to growl fiercely, and the hair on its neck and back stood up almost as straight as the quills on a porcupine. Her eyes bulged out of her head, and her cheeks puffed in and out with excitement at seeing, as I believe she did, the ghost of her former playmate. She fixed her eyes on the spot where I clairvoyantly saw Mickey sitting, and made one sudden rush at him. Mickey, even though he was in the spirit, jumped out of her way, just as he used to do, and perched on a little side-table in the corner of the room. There he sat looking down with an expression of contempt on Ching, who frantically kept leaping up all round the table trying to get at him. Soon, however, he quieted down and returned to the hearthrug.

Then I got up and walked quietly over to where Mickey was sitting, and pretended I was getting some letters from the table, so as not to draw Ching's attention. I stood with my back to Ching, and put out my hand and stroked Mick. I felt him quite distinctly, though he was only in the astral, and my husband could not see him, as he is not clairvoyant. I could feel him arch his back under my hand, and then I noticed what I had forgotten, namely, that he had a few coarse white hairs at the end of his tail, mingled with the black. I remembered then that that had been so. In fact, the only difference I could perceive between Mick as he had been and Mick as he now was, was that he was really spotlessly clean for the first time in his life! While I was stroking him, Ching immediately knew what I was doing, though I stood between them, and rushed round again, barking most angrily. After a little while I sat down, and when I looked up again Mickey had vanished. I told my husband what I had been seeing, and he was deeply interested. He was very glad to know that Mick had come back.

A few nights later, when I had just got into bed—the electric light was still up—I noticed Mickey jump up off the floor on to the foot of my bed, where he had often



lain on one of my old skirts. Just then my husband came into the room with Ching. I made no remark, as I wanted to see whether Ching would see Mick a second time.

I should tell you that Mick when on the earth-plane used sometimes to come up on my chest and touch my face with his paw. He used also in the mornings to wait until he heard me moving and then came and stood on my chest and slowly touched one of my eyes and then the other with his paw. I used to close my eyes on purpose to let him do it. I never knew why he did it, but supposed it was a little act of affection. You should have seen the expression on his face; it was most quizzical.

When my husband came in he put Ching on the foot of the bed, at the other side from where Mickey was. I still said nothing. Then Mickey, without troubling to look at Ching, just walked slowly up the bed right on to my chest and sat there. Ching suddenly looked uneasy, and her hair began to stand upright, as on the previous occasion. Her eyes bulged out, she growled, and started to move towards Mick. It struck me, what a shame it was to let Mickey be worried in that way when he had come back to see us, so I called to my husband, "Mick's here; take Ching away!" He lifted her away and held her in his arms while she fought and struggled to get free. I then stroked and petted Mickey for a minute or two, until he vanished. Since then he has come to us practically every night between 11 and 11.30. I don't always see him, but the dog does, and every night Ching goes through the same performance. When we have had friends to supper, at his usual time Mick has simply walked in, made a little grunt of disgust, and gone away.

Mrs. Roberts-Johnson once came to my house to give some friends and ourselves a trumpet seance. A clairvoyant gentleman present, who had never seen or heard of Mickey, suddenly said to me very quietly, "There is a cat here; I think it is a white cat." Then suddenly the trumpet was lifted in my direction and Mickey's own voice came through. What he said was simply that little piping sound that was Mickey's very own. It was a sound such as I have heard from no other cat. So I knew that poor Mickey had managed to manifest again.

It is my belief that animals not only live after death, but that while here they develop clairvoyant powers if associated with people who are psychic. When we went

to visit Philip's parents last autumn (mentioned in our last interview) we took Ching with us. We were all in the billiard-room one night after dinner, and when I looked up I saw Philip walking round the billiard-table. I watched him for a minute or two and told his parents he was there. Just as I did so Ching looked up and ran after Philip, puffing and growling and barking, exactly as she had done when she first saw Mickey. As Philip did not take any notice, she seemed to make up her mind he had a right to be there and calmed down. Philip's father and mother have excellent table sittings by themselves, at which their son communicates. As soon as he knew we had been invited to come for a week-end at a later date, he spelt through, "I know Mr. and Mrs. Leonard are coming down here; will you please ask them something?" They said, "Yes, what is it?" He said, "Ask them to stop Ching from chasing me." They did not know what he meant for a moment, so he explained that Ching annoyed him very much with his growling and barking in the billiard-room. They asked him if that really distressed him, and he replied, "Oh no, but it worries me, just as it would you." Accordingly they asked me to check Ching and told me why, and she certainly behaved better, perhaps because she knew Philip on this second occasion. That was proof to me that Ching is able to see spirit-people. I again saw Philip watching his father and my husband with great interest, while they were playing billiards.

There are lots of other things I could tell you about Mickey, but I think you have already got enough. For instance, he used to take my earrings off my ears, and lay them side by side on the table. They were fastened with screws, which were never very tight. A lady visiting me had earrings something like mine, but they were hung through holes pierced in her ears. Mick jumped up to her apparently wanting to do the same clever trick. He seized one of the earrings in his mouth, and tugged for all he was worth. The lady screamed and was petrified with terror, but I soon made him let go. After that my visitor always came without her earrings! Mickey would never answer to "Puss, puss!" like any other cat, but only to a whistle, like a dog. If we had been out anywhere late at night, and my husband whistled even 100 yards before we reached home, Mickey, who had been waiting for us on the front step, would tear down to meet us like mad! Now he greets us more gently, but just as lovingly.

## The Forward Movement in Law and Religion.

By EDGAR TOZER,

PRESIDENT OF THE VICTORIAN COUNCIL OF SPIRITUAL CHURCHES.

**W**E in Australia who are keenly interested in the religion of Spiritualism are ever awaiting for some concrete action by the Parliamentary Committee of the Spiritualists' National Union; therefore I note with pleasure the item in the April *Gazette* stating that the General Secretary has visited London preparatory to bringing the Bill before Parliament.

It is to be hoped that this is the forerunner of decisive and continuous action, because so much depends upon it. Never will our freedom as a religious body be complete until these Acts of a barbaric and persecuting age are erased from the Statute Books of England. Surely every champion will assist in this urgent matter of freeing our religion from the incubus that is constantly dragging it into the mire. How the list of great men and women who have amply proved our philosophy and general teachings to be true has grown! Surely the Movement will ask not in vain for their interest and support in this matter.

Apropos of this question, I am of the belief that even Roman Catholics would assist us, for Spiritualism has quite a few things in common with their Church, particularly concerning the dead, as announced in your report of Monseigneur Bougaud's remarks on prayers for the dead. This is an age of evolutionary enlightenment. We have already attained the "wave-lengths" of some sections of the community, and someday we expect to get into our "circuit" the persecuting element of the police courts. Some minds may refuse to believe that this is so, but we Spiritualists not only know its truth, but we can prove its source.

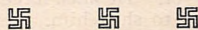
Let me state a case. Your article quotes in complimentary terms the attitude (mentally) of the present Pope of Rome toward spiritual communion. The query comes naturally, Why is he more tolerant toward that truth which the old-time Popes prevented the common people knowing by every way and means, thus stemming the tide of spiritual knowledge reaching the world for

centuries? Are not those old Witchcraft and Vagrancy Acts the results of such religious impediments?

Now this spiritual evolutionary process is acting to undo what has been done in past centuries, because it was wrong. We know that retribution must be made for all ill deeds done in the body, and I know that old-time Popes and their priesthood are returning to earth in the Spirit, and are inspiring their brethren to teach the truth to all people. Hence we can quite realise that the present Pope is being subject to this evolutionary force.

My recent experiences of the return in spirit of one of the old Popes doubly convinces me that I am right in my contention. During my conversations with him I learned that the so-called "dead" priesthood are now busy using every possible opportunity to inspire the leaders and teachers of the Churches with the knowledge they now possess. Such is surely the inevitable ultimate result of spirit-life, where all the elements of selfishness are erased from character.

There may be a long time needed for purgation, especially in the matter of religious creeds and ideals. Even after about two centuries of spirit-life this old Pope was seen clairvoyantly in pontifical robes heading a procession. However, this possibly does not represent his spiritual status, for it was his evolved attitude of mind that interested me. He was tolerance itself, and his commendations of our spiritual work proved that mentally he now moves in our sphere. Hence I know that he and the host of his co-religionists who accompanied him can and will exert a force that must eventually urge all our needs forward.



**A LONG TRANCE.**—Hopes are now entertained of the complete recovery of Miss Doris Hinton, the seventeen-year-old girl who has lain in trance at Chilwell, near Nottingham, for about twelve months. She has lain all that time like a marble statue, and the doctors have been completely baffled by her case. She fell asleep one evening after listening to a wireless concert and has not spoken a word since. She has been artificially fed and has gained in weight.



# Psychic Happenings in Saxon Times: From Bede's Records.—Part IV.

By FREDERIC W. THURSTAN, M.A.

## HOW DRYTHELM WAS REFORMED BY DEATH-TRANCE EXPERIENCES.

**D**RYTHELM was a north Northumbrian, of Tininghame, in East Lothian. He was a householder who had maintained himself and his family outwardly in a godly manner, but knew not that inwardly he was still worldly. His spirit-guide gave him a set of spirit-world experiences which opened his sight and reformed him. He had fallen grievously sick, and one evening apparently breathed his last, and was laid out for dead. But at dawn he suddenly came to life again to the great terror of his fond wife and other mourners. "Fear not," said he, "I am now veritably risen from the dead, and permitted to live on awhile; but hereafter I must not live as I was wont."

He rose immediately and went to the oratory of the little town, where he continued in prayer for the rest of the day. Then he returned home, divided his substance into three parts—one for his wife, another for his children, and the third he kept himself and straightway distributed it among the poor. Set free from the cares of the world he retired soon after to the monastery of Melrose, and there he received the tonsure and made his home for the rest of his life. There he confessed, and made a record of the strange vision he had been shown during his extraordinary death-trance. And this is his story:—

When he had temporarily passed out of the body a man in spirit, with a countenance full of light and robed in shining raiment, came to him and took him on a journey. "We went in silence, as it seemed to me, towards the rising of the summer sun. And as we walked we came to a broad deep valley of infinite length. It lay on our left—one side terrible with raging flames, the other intolerable, for violent hail and drifting snow-storms were sweeping through it. Both sides were full of the souls of men, tossed from one side to the other, as by a violent storm, each soul leaping out of the agony of the one side to the relief of the other, and finding no rest there, leaping back again. The spirits were all misshapen—an innumerable multitude of them. 'Is this hell I see?' I began to ask myself. My guide who went before me answered my thought. 'Not so; this is not the hell you believe it to be.'

"Little by little he led me on, dismayed at the dread sights. On a sudden I saw all the place in front begin to grow dark, and filled with shadows. We entered into them; the shadows grew thicker and thicker till I could see nothing else, save only the darkness and the dim form and robe of him that led me. As we went on through the shades of that lone night, lo, on a sudden there appeared before us masses of foul flame, constantly rising as it were out of a great pit, and falling, after the eruption, back again into the same. I was led thither, and then suddenly my guide vanished, and I was left alone in the midst of the dense darkness and the awful sights. Without intermission the masses of erupted fire flew up and fell back again, and I began to notice that the summits of the cones of flames were full of spirits of men, flying up like sparks with the smoke, and then falling back with the sinking vapours into the depths below. Moreover, a stench unbearable burst forth with the vapours, and filled the dark places around. I stood there a long time in dread, not knowing what to do.

"Then suddenly I heard behind me the sound of a mighty and miserable lamentation, mingled at times with noisy laughter, as of a rude multitude insulting captured enemies. The noise growing plainer came up to me. Then I beheld a crowd of evil spirits dragging five souls of men, wailing and shrieking, into the midst of the darkness, with yells of exultation and laughter. Among those human souls I could discern that one was a cleric, one a layman, and one a woman. Down into the crater-pit they all passed, and the sounds of the cries and diabolical jeerings grew fainter and fainter. Meantime, some of the dark spirits came ascending from the flaming abyss, and running forward beset me on all sides with flaming eyes, and tried to choke me with the noisome fumes they breathed forth. They even threatened to lay hold on me with fiery tongs; yet they durst in no wise touch me, though they essayed to terrify me.

"I turned my eyes hither and thither, if haply anywhere help might be found to save me, when lo, there appeared behind me, by the way I had come, what seemed a bright star appearing out of the darkness. It waxed greater by degrees, and came rapidly towards me. When it drew near, all the evil spirits with their tongs dispersed and fled.

"It was my guide again who had led me forward, and he, turning to the right, began to lead me, as it were, towards the rising of a winter sun. Soon we emerged out of the darkness, and I was led forth into an atmosphere of clear light. I saw a vast wall of rock before us, boundless on each side and in its height. I wondered why he continued leading me up to the face of this vast wall, seeing there was no door in it, no window, and no way of ascent. But when we approached the foot of it immediately—I knew not by what means—we found ourselves on the top of it. And lo! a wide and pleasant plain stretched before us, fragrant with blooming flowers, whose marvellous sweetness straightway dispelled the foul stench of the dark furnace which had filled my nostrils.

"The light radiating over all this region exceeded the brightness of a noontide summer sun. Scattered about were innumerable companies of persons, clothed in white, and many sets of rejoicing multitudes. He led me on through the midst of these bands of happy inhabitants, and I began to think perchance this might be the kingdom of heaven. He answered my thought, 'Nay, this is not the kingdom of heaven, as you think.'

"We had passed through those mansions of blessed spirits and gone farther on when I saw before me a much greater radiance than before, and heard sweeter sounds of singing, and inhaled so wonderful a fragrance shed abroad that the other enjoyed before seemed but a small thing. I was beginning to hope we should enter this region of delights when on a sudden my guide stood still, and straightway turning began to conduct me back by the way we had come.

"Do you know," he asked, "the meaning of what you have seen? The valley of alternations of flaming fire and freezing cold is the place for the trial and purgation of souls who left their repentance till too late in life; they can be helped by the prayers and fasting of the living. The foul flaming pit you saw is the mouth of hell, where those who go down find it hard to ascend back for aeons. This flowery region, which you first saw and to which we are now returned, filled with fair and youthful company all bright and joyous, is the Summerland into which souls are admitted who have done good works in the flesh, but are yet far from perfect; yet they shall some day, at the day of judging, behold the Christ and enter into the joys of His kingdom, of which I showed you a glimpse with its great celestial brightness. As for you, you must now return again to live among men in the flesh. If henceforth you examine your mode of living and actions, and keep yourself in righteousness and simplicity, you shall after death have a place among the joyful troops of this blest intermediary abode. I can promise you this, for I expressly left you alone awhile, in order to observe your behaviour when you found yourself in a hell."

"He finished addressing me, but I abhorred the notion of returning to my body, and leaving the sweet beautiful spot I found myself in and the company of those I saw in it. Nevertheless, I durst not ask my guide any favour, and thereupon on a sudden I found myself—I know not how—once more alive on earth among men."

Bede adds that he received the particulars of these experiences from a monk named Hamegils, who mostly was living a solitary life in Ireland, on coarse bread and cold water. He had been earlier in life a constant companion of Drythelm, and had helped to take down the account briefly set forth above.

Drythelm used also frequently to relate his vision to King Aldfred (Egfrith's successor) whenever he came to visit Melrose Abbey. As a monk Drythelm was famed for the severities of the penances he did to subdue his body. He often stood up to the middle, and sometimes to the neck, in the cold stream of the Tweed, never changing his garments when he came out, but leaving them to dry on his body. In the winter it was just the same; there he stood for hours with the cracking pieces of ice floating about him. Those who beheld it would say, "We marvel, brother Drythelm, that you are able to endure such severe cold," and he would answer simply, "I have experienced greater cold; I have seen harder trials." So the good man until the day of his calling went on subduing his aged body, and forwarding the salvation of many by his words and his life.



## Spirit Messages from the Druid Bard, Casedyn.

BY THE HAND OF WILL CARLOS.

### THE CITY OF HAZARD.

I NOW journeyed some distance down a rocky road between lofty hills, and presently lighted upon a town. I was puzzled to understand why so many people should herd in such an unsightly spot unless some definite purpose should hold them there. The nearest abode to the roadside was large, and evidently the home of some chief or ruler. I came to a halt at its porchway, where carvings in bold relief adorned the wide door and the hall-way. The carvings portrayed the gods of the people, I supposed, for many were in human form, though others were part human, part animal.

Within the doorway sat a youth clad in a tunic which reached the knee, and a cloak suspended from his shoulder. His dress was richly ornamented and his features were pale and thin, and stamped with an expression of hopeless submission. I called out to him, and he answered my calling.

"What is the name of this place?" I queried.

"It is called the City of Hazard," he replied.

"And this is the home of the ruler or king of the city, I ween?" I asked.

He answered with no show of spleen, "Yea, my mistress is the Princess of Chance, and she reigns here as Queen."

I bowed, as a token of reverence, and asked if the Princess would permit me to appear before her as a minstrel. He left me standing there, while he passed through a draped archway between the pillars. He shortly returned with permission, and ushered me into a small chamber where I was permitted to sit, until his mistress was ready to receive me. He brought me a raiment of purple and some silken shoon, and bade me refresh myself with a bath before assuming them, as his mistress was fastidious in her tastes.

The summons duly came and I was ushered into a sumptuous hall, where on a dias all golden was seated a woman whose majestic figure seemed fitted for her high estate. She questioned me concerning my nation and mission. I told her I was travelling wherever I might render service with my music, and that I hoped to please her Majesty. She bade me play some music, giving me a seat at her feet, while she leaned back upon her cushions as if in fond anticipation.

"I sang her some lays of earth's struggles ;

Of heroic deeds on the wave ;

Of Love and its tragic mutations,

Of triumphs achieved by the brave."

She listened with approbation, and thanked me in accents sweet to hear, saying that her own musicians were incapable of music so fine. Assured of her favour I played on until she and all her court were enraptured. Entranced by my music she offered me the post of minstrel-in-chief in her palace, and I, nothing loth, accepted the office, thinking I might turn the privilege to some use. I knew the tenure would be brief, but long enough perchance to do the good I designed. I wished to study this people, and to find out the lure which held them here. I was given apartments and raiments for my use, and servants were bidden to show me the beauties of the city.

The people afoot were all males, and all were on their way to the oval, displaying much excitement in speech and gesture. I asked the servant who accompanied me what was the cause of the excitement. He said it was the day of championships. All sorts of contests were to be held, for the awards of the victors were greedily coveted, but on this day the winner of most prizes was to win a greater honour than any yet proffered, the nature of which honour being still unknown. I went to witness the contests, which for the most part were races around the arena. On the whole they were meritorious and recalled the efforts of my own youth at the Summer Festivals.

I learned that these people measured the day by the length of time it took a runner to cover once the distance around the arena. They called that period a una, six unas a hexa, and forty-eight hexas were a day. Thus public time was marked on a dial connected with a water-wheel, which made one complete turn in a una. They divided the day into three parts—the trio of rest, the trio of toil, the trio of test. The trio of toil was that in which they gleaned from the soil the food they needed; the trio of test was the eventide of the day, during which every male was engaged in contests. This

was the second day of the grand contest, wherein singers, musicians, and poets competed for the honours. I was requested to enter for the harp contest, and despite the best efforts of the recognised musicians, I won.

The following day there came to me a challenge from the master-musician, who looked upon me as a thief who had stolen his office. The laws of the city conceded the right of each man to dispute the holding of any position, unless it was won by repute, the contest being decided by judges, skilled and astute. The first test was an improvisation, on a theme to be named by the queen. The harp to be used was a State one, an instrument I had not seen. The second test was a rendering of music quite new to the contestants, especially composed for the occasion. On earth I had never been loth to cope with my rivals for bardship, and I promptly accepted the challenge, and waited the result without fear.

The day came and all things were ready. The contest took place in the Hall of Audience. The queen sat in the midst of her maidens, the loveliest of them all. The theme she had chosen was "Courage"—a subject which yielded good scope for musical pictures contrasting foul fear with stout hope; of heroes in conflict engaging, or bearing the buffets of life; of records of daring adventures, or wonderful exploits in strife. The challenger had the first innings. He promptly bestrode the harp, which stood about the height of a man from the floor, and was of superb quality. My rival possessed obvious merit, and handled his theme with much skill, using the most subtle gradations of sound, and thrilling his audience in a manner good to observe. The judges sat with the composer, each noting the points which would score, and when he had finished, I noted their expression of approval. I took my seat at the instrument, and then lost myself in an overwhelming merge. Some power took possession of me, and kept me entranced for an hour. Taking up the theme, and dealing with it in a manner transcending any skill of mine, I was still aware of the wonderful manipulation, the exquisite phrasing, that seemed utterly beyond the power of mortals. When I woke up I saw tears streaming from every eye, and soon the whole audience were akneel beseeching heaven for grace.

The queen arose, humble in aspect, to place the prized wreath upon my head but, conscious of a greater emotion than she had ever before experienced, removed her own crown from her brow, for lo! radiant visitors were present, and the place shone with glory. One of the Bright Ones came forward and took up his stand on the throne. The queen, composer, judges, and the whole court remained kneeling while the Radiant One delivered his message. He made them an earnest appeal to abandon these contests, and to use all their skill and energy in fighting the evils existing around them in the adjacent valleys and hills. He won every heart by his fervour, each soul was blessed by his presence, and the throng as a whole was ready to obey his behest. He made their city a centre from whence efforts were to be made to bring out of darkness and squalor all persons who could be so persuaded. He gave a new name to the city, the City of Endeavour. And its Queen, he renamed Gracious, and gave her a sceptre to wield in the name of the All-Father, by which she could charm all who doubted and make them reliant and brave. The Celestial Visitors then vanished, Queen Gracious ascended the throne, and asked the people to join in one solemn vow that hereafter they would direct their united effort to the upliftment of the fallen ones. The people all joined in the pledge.

"That done," quoth the Queen, "there remaineth but one duty more to fulfil, that is to bestow upon the victor the prize most coveted of all. Come forth, O Casedyn, take thy seat beside me, for the Queen and the crown are thine."

I answered, "O Queen, I am not of this kingdom; my duties call me elsewhere. I came here to render thee service, and desire not to share thy title. Beyond, in the home of the angels, my wife and children await with patience my laggard home-coming, with love that will never abate. I am working to win my promotion, to make myself fit for that sphere, and seeking to benefit others, make a way for my residence there."

"The angels hath blessed thee, Queen Gracious,

I pray thee remain on thy throne,

Until thou hast gained by thy service,

Promotion to higher realms yon."

I then took off the costly court garments, and bade them farewell, amidst an outburst of thanks which seemed to me to be superabundant.

(To be continued.)



## The New Editor of "The National Spiritualist," U.S.A.,

MARY RIDPATH MANN, M.A.

OWING to the courtesy of Mr. Joseph P. Whitwell, President of the National Spiritualist Association of America, we have pleasure in presenting this portrait and some interesting particulars of the life story of Mrs. Ridpath Mann, Editor of *The National Spiritualist* (U.S.A.). After the passing of Dr. Geo. B. Warne, its first Editor, Mr. James Abbott, a veteran Spiritualist, kindly occupied the editorial chair until the National Board had looked around for a worthy successor, and its choice has now fallen upon Mrs. Mann, who had already won her spurs as a strenuous worker in many fields. Mr. Whitwell says:—

"Mrs. Mann is broad-minded, cultured, and refined. She brings with her to the editorial chair the qualifications of fearlessness, broadmindedness, understanding, wide experience, ability, and personal kindness, all of which are essential and valuable for success in all undertakings in life, especially in that of an editor."

Born in Indiana, Mrs. Mann is the daughter of the late John Clark Ridpath, an American historian of international fame, and her mother was also endowed with literary talents. She was thus reared amid scholarly associations, and became a student in De Pauw University, where she graduated as Master of Arts. By that time she had shed the narrow religious orthodoxy amid which she had been brought up.

Her married life was unhappily cut short by the sudden death of her husband when she was only twenty-four, and her maternal determination to worthily rear and educate her two children without the aid of a living soul gave the impulse to all her high endeavour and led the way to her brilliant achievements.

For twelve years Mrs. Mann was manuscript reader for the largest publishing house in Chicago, and passed through her hands over eight thousand manuscripts, which covered every conceivable subject from "How to Make Soap" to "The Majestic Migrations of the Solar System"! She has also written innumerable newspaper and magazine articles, and is the author of four books.

For ten years she was Lecturer to the Chicago Historical Society, and in that capacity instructed over 100,000 public school children. She has also lectured all over America on history, literature, travel, art, science, and psychology.

During the past ten years she has been President of the Chicago Society for Psychical Research and has had some quite unique psychic experiences. For example, a spirit message in Morse code was received on a telegraphic

instrument untouched by human hands, and was transcribed by a Western Union Telegraph operator called in for the occasion. Some fine photographic "extras" have also been received by the Society on plates simply held against the forehead, without the use of any camera.

Mrs. Mann has at various times served as personal secretary to some distinguished men—one the American Minister to China, one a Governor, two United States Senators, and the President of the American Medical Association.

During the Great War she laid aside everything that concerned her personally to conduct one of the Centres of the American Red Cross,

and frequently acted as interpreter. This service she gladly gave, she says, since she had neither father, brother, husband, or son to do a man's part in the international struggle.

Mrs. Mann has a four-column article on "Spiritualism and Art" in her August number, which English Spiritualists interested in art should not miss. Not only does she write with knowledge and authority but also with charm and refinement.

In reproducing Lady Palmer's remarkable spirit photograph taken in the Chapel of Domremy, she writes:—"Surely there could be no spot on earth where spirit guardianship would be more likely than in this little Chapel, sacred to the memory of Joan of Arc. No other name can ever mean to the French people what her name means. She led the armies of France to brilliant victory time and time again and the king of France repaid her with black ingratitude. But the French people have never ceased



MARY RIDPATH MANN, M.A.

to love her. It will be remembered that during the late World War the French military activities in the spring of 1918 lay along the banks of the River Oise. It was in this territory that Joan saw her last days of military service. Compiegne was Joan's last field. . . . Already Joan's Voices had warned her that at the Feast of St. John she would be a prisoner. They spoke truly, for just previous to this date she was a captive, helpless, in the hands of her enemies! There is but one other instance in history where One has known of the hour of death and had just serenely gone His way, as if He knew it not! The Cross for Him! The stake and the faggots for Joan! The same white highway stretches out of France into Germany that ran past Domremy when Joan of Arc was born. The tiny stone hut with its thatched roof still stands by the roadside. Nearly six centuries have gone by since then. But to-day, whenever a company of French soldiers marches along the road, at the command of the officer it halts, presents arms and stands for a moment at attention. The individual soldier, passing by, gives the French military salute. The Churchman makes the Sign of the Cross. The French civilian takes off his hat! Here in this tiny chapel, now beautifully restored, where once the simple little Maid burned her candle to St. Margaret and St. Catherine, stand the Spirit Guardians of the Shrine, forever keeping watch! Do they hear, perhaps, at times, that last exultant, triumphant cry which she flung back at her torturers when the flames encircled and enveloped her? 'My voices have not deceived me! And they are of God!'"



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### Pre-existence.

#### MAN AS A SPIRITUAL BEING.

**T**HE question, "Have we lived before?" is at present being discussed in the public press, and some wonderful stories are being told by persons who claim to remember their previous lives. It is a frequently recurring question, and we here reprint an attempted answer we offered some years ago. If read with the articles which have appeared in our June, July, and August numbers on "The Soul's Physiology," "Man's Double Constitution," and "The Soul as a Part of Nature," it may afford a clue to the problem's solution:—

In a previous issue we said something on this page as to the great topic of Immortality. An octogenarian clergyman, for many years the revered and well-beloved father of his people, sent us a post card from his Cornish retreat saying—"Your leading article is good and thoughtful, but what ken ye aboot Pre-existence?" From which question, you can guess he was a Scotsman and a thinker, who pursued the Socratic method of bringing ideas to birth in his younger friends by probing their knowledge to test its rational quality!

"What ken ye aboot Pre-existence?" is a question one might call a poser. It goes to the roots of the fundamentals. It has proved a veritable Gordian knot, which has for ages defied unravelling. Men have struggled with it, and have apparently achieved little more than to make its tangle more complex—to increase their own confused perplexity. At this late hour of the day we are still asking, like Montaigne—"Que sais-je?" (What do I know?) We are still wondering whether any knowledge of pre-existence is accessible to us, or whether we must for ever remain in darkness as to who or what we were (if we were) before our birth? Can it be that the question is beyond the capacity of human reason? Are we fated still to go on answering it by vague generalities that mean little or nothing? We have all heard of the precocious child who, when asked, "Where did you come from, baby dear?" replied, "Out of the Everywhere into here"—an answer that sounds very wise indeed, but tells us nothing we can grasp and examine. At most it suggests that here we are particular beings who have come somehow out of the Universal, but by what path we have travelled, or whatever we may have been in our pre-earthly pilgrimage, it does not instruct us. It leaves us just as wise as Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who said "Specs I grewed!"

Yet we ought not to despair of reaching the truth, which assuredly lies somewhere open to our persevering search. "What ken we aboot Pre-existence?" Let us try to clear the ground and find perhaps where the elusiveness of the problem lies. We do know something about the pre-existence of our physical body, every particle of which, science tells us, has pre-existed in a great variety of combinations—inorganic and organic—since the beginning of time. We know also that it has arrived here through a long avenue of ancestors, each of whom has contributed some trait or peculiarity to its form. We need not linger therefore over the question of physical pre-existence.

But we are more than a physical body. Spiritualists especially understand that we are also a spiritual body, a body celestial, which we carry about with us even here, and which retains its personal form in the life hereafter. Has that then pre-existed as a spiritual body, and been somehow linked on to our physical body at birth, or has it come to us concurrently by the same route as our physical body? Does it, like the butterfly in the folds of the caterpillar, abide ever within us, awaiting its full freedom at the death of the physical body? That was the supposition of Socrates, the doctrine of the Apostle Paul, and the teaching of leading Spiritualists. Our spiritual or psychical body, the celestial counterpart of our physical body, has become ours, not by some arbitrary miracle, but in the ordinary course of Nature, and like our physical body has come through the ever-flowing ancestral stream.

But are we not something more than a physical and a spiritual body? That question is the very crux of the problem. Are we not more than a dual being, namely a triune being? Are we not only a body and a soul (a body terrestrial and a body celestial) but a spirit as well? Is there not something within us, you ask, akin to or a smaller counterpart of God who is Spirit? Are we not each a particular, independent, self-contained, finite spirit, as God is the universal and infinite Spirit? Is there not within us such a spirit, in addition to our body and our soul?

The question we ask, on the other hand, is whether, by supposing that there is, we do not simply import or imagine a something more, as an integral and essential part of our being, which is not really a part of our being at all—and hence all our perplexity and confusion in dealing with the problem of Pre-existence? Does spirit (as God is Spirit) reside in us, as part of our self, or does Spirit simply manifest through us, as it manifests through every other part of creation? Are we, in fact, as a body and soul, merely the most highly evolved organism in the Universe, through whom the all-pervading Universal Spirit is able to manifest Himself in greatest fullness? It strikes us that just here may lie the key to the puzzle, and we place the idea before our readers for their critical examination.

An analogy occurs to us that may be helpful in considering our place in Nature as spiritual beings, for that we really are. Think of a stream of electricity as it comes from the power-station, along what is called the main. We think of it as a force, but as Lord Kelvin himself confessed, we really do not yet know what it is. It is in the wires along our streets and in our houses. It is silent, invisible, neither hot nor cold—an absolutely quiescent store of imponderable force. It might as well not be there for all we should know, if it did not pass through certain appropriate apparatus by which it can manifest. But meeting such apparatus, what miracles happen! It moves our railway trains and tramway cars, it heats our offices or boils our kettles, it illuminates our rooms, or it gives us a gentle vibratory stream of healing power. It could do none of these things without the appropriate manifesting mechanism. But provide an electric motor, an electric stove, an electric lamp, and an electric battery, and it does all these varied acts. It moves something, heats something, lights something, and vibrates through us in a healing current. For it is a richly qualitative force, and these different kinds of mechanism simply manifest each one of its qualities.

Now, similarly, let us think of the Universal Spirit pervading the Universe. It is powerful, silent, invisible, quiescent, just as we saw the electricity was. But you will look all over the world in vain if you seek for anything which is not manifesting it. The three kingdoms of animals, vegetables, and minerals are showing it forth in some of its myriad qualities all the time. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was once criticised for describing God as a Force, but the word is good enough if we remember that He is an everywhere-present qualitative Force that can and does manifest in an infinite variety of ways. As the electricity is able to manifest as light, heat, and motor-power, so God, the Universal Force, is manifested through all creation. Flowers, trees, and animals, for example, show forth His fragrance, beauty, and strength, and these may be called impersonal qualities of the Universal Life. But man alone possesses the organism by means of which God can manifest His qualities as a Person—His Love, Pity, Justice, Mercy, and Goodness. Without mankind the noblest qualities of the Godhead would remain unmanifested in the world.

But you ask how can man thus show forth God as Spirit, unless he himself is also a spirit? The answer is, just as the electric lamp shows forth the electricity, though it is not itself electricity. Man, with his physical and spiritual bodies, is able to manifest the Spirit of God, even though he is not a particular spirit of the nature of God, who is Universal Spirit. Man is a spiritual being who can show forth God, in the same way as the lamp can show forth electricity.

If this view of the matter be the true one, we need puzzle no longer over such problems as—Did we arrive on this world's stage as already individualised spirits?—If so, where did we come from?—How did we come?—Did our physical bodies precede the entrance of our "spirits"?—or were our "spirits" first in order of time, and helped in the weaving of their bodily garments? These questions are all ruled out if we rule out human spirit (as God is Spirit) from the elements of our make-up. If we be only persons—with a body and soul, and all these imply—we are yet privileged to be the ordained conscious manifesters of the highest personal qualities of the Eternal Universal Spirit we call God, in whom we live and move and have our being.

J. L.



# "The Soul as a Part of Nature."

## A SCHOLAR'S CRITICAL APPRECIATION.

MR. G. G. ANDRÉ, author of "The True Light," "Our Widening Outlook," etc., writes in reference to our last month's leading article, "I thank you for this illuminating conception of the constitution of man," and sends us the following substance of an address on the subject he will deliver to the members of a Study Circle:—

### A NEW AND SCIENTIFIC CONCEPTION OF THE SOUL.

"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body."—*St. Paul.*

Mr. JOHN LEWIS, editor of the *International Psychic Gazette*, identifies the immortal soul with the spiritual body, a reasonable conclusion led to by psychical research and modern Spiritualistic experience. Of man's two bodies one, he tells us, is as much a natural product—arriving by the established process of Nature—as is the other. Each has its own inherited qualities and tendencies. Both have the same parentage and history.

This, at first sight, somewhat startling view of the human soul finds, we must admit, support in modern science, and therefore satisfies the demands of the reasoning mind. According to this conception of the spirit-body, man is an immortal soul by nature. As such we must attribute to the spiritual body all the qualities and powers which go to make up the ordinary conception of the soul. But why should we hesitate to do this if we accept the spiritual nature of this inner body? May we not, as Mr. Lewis does, assume it to be a complete organism, a counterpart of the physical, having like form, features, and faculties? "An epitome or culmination of the mental, moral, and spiritual experience of all the previous souls in the line of its ancestry, just as the visible body is an epitome or culmination of the physical features, traits and habits of its ancestors." Physiology and psychology lend support to, if they do not confirm, this view of man's dual constitution. We may assume as a fact in Nature that everywhere closely associated, cell for cell, with the physical, there is a finer grade of matter possessing qualities and powers that we call psychical. The speck of germ plasma therefore from which man grows is psychical as well as physical. Like the latter, it receives and retains the impress of its inheritance.

These subtler substances form of themselves a complete organism, co-existing with the visible body, and capable of detachment therefrom to continue its existence as an independent entity. We may postulate yet finer and subtler substances interpenetrating the physical up to the degree of the purest spiritual substances in which the Divine Life can manifest itself.

This imperishable spirit-body, when detached from the dense material, retains, as a constituent element in its constitution, some of the finer portions of that dense body. This more etherialised matter forms the basis of the truly spiritual body, which consists of grade above grade of refined substance up to the highest and purest we can conceive of as fit to be the vehicle of the Divine Life. As the soul progresses in its development in the higher spheres, it gradually drops the grosser of these substances and, freed thereby from limitations, rises into larger states of consciousness.

Our planet, the earth, be it noted, consists of two different but closely related interpenetrating forms, which Fechner called its body and its soul respectively. Its body is the dense physical matter cognisable by the senses. Enveloping and penetrating this, there is a larger sphere of finer matter imperceptible to the senses. This finer substance is not spiritual. That term is reserved for still finer substance belonging to the higher worlds.

Being of the earth earthy, and destined to pass on to this sphere of etherialised matter, our constitution partakes of the substance of both these realms. But the degree of difference is discrete, so that the sudden change of death for one of the bodies is necessary to make the transition. This may occur again at a more advanced stage of progression. But it may be only a gradual elimination of the grosser elements as the result of constant effort to liberate the powers of the spirit. Here we are in the region of conjecture. But in whatever sphere or on whatever plane the man is living his life, he must have a body of substance related to that sphere or plane. Of higher substances there may be much; of lower there can be none. Hence the necessity, as the soul progresses, either for the sudden change of death, or the

slow continuous change due to a process of elimination of the grosser substances.

These bodies—physical and spiritual—are not the life, but vehicles of life and consciousness. Immersed in the vast ocean of universal spirit, or primal substance, through which the self-conscious principle, the One Infinite Life, manifests itself, they are vitalised, sustained and evolved by a constant stream of life-force flowing from the Fount of Life through the sun. This continuous stream is the emitted Life of the Logos of the solar system. Students of the Bhagavad Gita familiar with the commentaries of Subba Rao, will recognise this as the "Light of Ishwara," which vitalises all within his domain. It is received and reacted to by every living form in the system according to the conditions afforded by the forms. Hence bodily features, mental and moral characteristics, idiosyncrasies—all that is distinctive of personality derived from ancestors through heredity. It is the reaction, the response, of the life-forms that makes these differences in personal appearance and character. Man thinks and acts in accordance with his organised structure. Though animated by the same life-principle, each is a different manifestation, another personality. But the One Life energising all makes all one in essential nature.

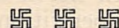
An example and illustration of the determining influence of the bodily forms through which the life-force flows may be found in the vegetable kingdom. A branch of a pear-tree may be successfully grafted on to a hawthorn bush. Here the same vitalising, life-carrying sap circulates through thorn and pear branches alike. But the pear-branch will bear fruit in pears, while the thorn, in all its branches, will produce fruit in bunches of berries.

The outward expression of the life-flow is in accordance with the kingdom of Nature in which it is acting, and is determined by the stage of evolution reached by the individual vehicles through which it flows, their inherited qualities, and the environment in which they are placed. Thus the life current manifests (1) in the plant as involuntary motion, and appears as spontaneous growth in its constituent cells along a line of development pre-ordained by an overruling intelligence, in accordance with its destined place in the economy of Nature; (2) in the animal as in No. 1, but further as voluntary motion; appearing also as feeling and incipient thought; and (3) in man as in Nos. 1 and 2, and further as self-consciousness; appearing also as a growing perception of his origin and destiny as a spiritual being.

It has been suggested that this stream of life-force flowing first through the loftiest beings in the heaven-world—the perfected fruit of an earlier evolution—and thence down through all sorts and conditions of men in successive spheres and planes till the outer earth-plane is reached, may carry with it thought-forms, life-germs, which may determine the specific quality of the embryo man coming into earth existence. But this is a question beyond the scope of our present inquiry.

The conception of the soul as here propounded, which has been reached on lines of observation and reasoning, commends itself on the ground of simplicity. Moreover, it clears the way for a further rationalising of thought concerning man's origin and destiny. A new vista of progress and attainment is thereby opened up to the unprejudiced inquirer in quest of truth. Life viewed from this standpoint, claims for bodily culture, physical and spiritual, more attention than is commonly given to it.

St. Paul's description of man as consisting of body, soul, and spirit, suggests a similar view of man's constitution, a trinity not of persons, but of constituent elements. Here we must understand Spirit as the indwelling life of God.



All matter is God's tongue,  
And from its motion God's thoughts are sung;  
The realms of space are the octave bars,  
And the music notes are the sun and stars.—

*Anonymous.*

THE SECRETS OF HEALTH.—Mr. Staveley Bulford lectured on this subject on August 19 to the Psycho-Therapeutic Society, at Wimbledon. He touched on many instructive points, but laid especial emphasis upon the assertion that the operation of the instinctive mind was the chief factor in health and disease. It is, he claimed, perfect in itself and strives to work towards harmony and wholeness—health. It is a creative mind, our own great anatomist, physiologist, chemist, skilled mechanic and master builder, but the director is the spirit. Our wisdom is to let it do its work without interference by our conscious mind which so often errs.



## THOUGHTS ON PRAYER.

By E. P. PRENTICE.

"'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth  
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,  
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth  
A Call to Prayer."

PRAYER is not an attitude, but an action of faith, not an emotional ejaculation, but a pure feeling after God, a striving for a glimpse of the Unseen—the Eternal.

We cannot adequately define prayer; only by personal experience may we gauge some of the wonders accruing to the sincere suppliant and worshipper. From Infinity comes a generous response to all spiritual yearning, a reply suited to our condition and for our ultimate good. Even as the immaculate Christ prayed, "Father, not my will but Thine be done," so may we, eager yet submissive and imbued with the spirit of divine communion, claim fellowship with God for "in Him we live and move and have our being."

Prayer is an inbreathing of the afflatus that circles around His radiant throne. It is essential for the truth-seeker to realise the threefold aspect of prayer—mystical, rational, and magical. To the last I attach a paramount importance, as a primitive instinct in all lands and peoples.

We pray aright when we share the burdens of humanity, invoking the powers of Omnipotence on behalf of the helpless and heavy-laden. Perhaps the ideal prayer, the truest in the swinging censers of the waiting angels, with incense penetrating to the Holy of Holies, is the prayer of inward silence of contemplation, for in that hush "deep calleth unto deep," and the Holy Dove broods on the waters of strife with its "Peace, be still," and lo, there is a great calm!

In forest shades and in flowery meads, teeming with the imperishable gold of God, comes the call to "lift up our eyes to the hills," from whence cometh our help. Nature tells us in clear and unmistakable tones of the Love that passeth knowledge.

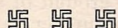
Consciously or unconsciously we are always praying; sometimes in agony we cry, "Let this cup pass," then bowing our heads to the wisdom of the Omniscient we realise that for our earthly stone Love is giving us "the bread that cometh from above."

"Laborare est orare":

Hear it, ye of spirits poor,  
Who sit crouching at the threshold  
While your brothers beat the door;  
Ye whose ignorance stands wringing  
Hands dark-seamed with toil, nor dares  
Lift so much as eyes to heaven;  
Lo! all life this truth declares:

"Laborare est orare,"

And the whole earth rings with prayers.



## THE FAIRIES OF CORNWALL.

By MARION J. CARPENTER.

"From ghoulies and ghosties,  
And long leggetty beasties,  
And things that go bump in the night—  
Good Lord deliver us!"

—Ancient Cornish Litany.

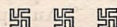
CORNWALL, both north and south, is rich in legend and superstition, though with the advance of materialism these are fast dying out. It is around the pixies that the great mass of Cornish folk-belief clings. Seventy or eighty years ago this belief seemed practically universal. Indeed, my own grandfather (himself a St. Minver man), often used to tell my mother, when she was a little girl, of the night that he was "pixy-led" and how he wandered many a weary mile in the dark, following an elusive fairy light, which bobbed continually in front of him. Naturally, "foreigners" (as Cornish folk call Englishmen from other counties) would shake their heads, and murmur "Market-day!" but to a Cornishman the story would sound perfectly natural, and would be accepted as true.

The "little people," as they are sometimes called, are very tiny, and are never seen in the daylight. They have been known to be revengeful and malicious. There is a legend that a woman, who lived near Breague Church, had a fine baby, which she declared was taken away one night by the "pixies," and a withered child substituted. The parents, believing that the pixies used to come and look over the wall to see the changling, once left it out all night, hoping that the "little people" might forgive the injury, real or fancied, done to them, and return their own babe, but alas! they never did, and the withered "stranger" lived with them for twenty years.

Mr. Hunt, in his popular "Romances of the West of England," speaks of a famous haunt of the fairies in the olden days, at Germoe, where they were believed to hold a great fair. There are aged people still alive who declare they have actually seen them dancing at night. I remember, as a little child being shown a "fairy ring" in a field, and I was told that the "little people" had danced there the night before. I also remember the story of a farmer's wife who had won their favour by leaving them offerings over-night, and finding her kitchen tidied and swept next morning, and the fire laid.

The Rev. H. Coulthard, Vicar of Breague with Germoe, in his interesting book, "Story of an ancient Parish" says, "The fairy folk seem to be divided into three species—the pixies, fairies of the moors, dells and surface of the earth generally; the 'knockers' or 'knackers,' fairies of the mines, whom the miners heard knocking in the depths of the earth, indicating by their knocks the presence of a rich vein of ore or, if of a malignant disposition, luring the miners by their knockings to vain efforts after non-existent mineral wealth; the third order of fairies was that of the 'buccas,' an amphibious species to whom, down to recent times, offerings of fish were made."

I could tell of many more legends centering round Wadebridge, Padstow, Polseath, Constantine, Helston, St. Merryan, Mother Ivy Bay, etc., but space forbids.



## PIXY-LED.

NOTE.—The belief in pixies and their power to throw a glamour over people is a common one in Devonshire and Cornwall. There are many tales of cattle drovers being pixy-led. The glamour takes the form of being unable, upon entering a field, to find the gate to get out again; and the belief is that the one so charmed must turn his coat or his hat inside out to break the charm. Superstition? Maybe, but there is a field of inquiry for anyone who has the time to undertake the task of collecting some of the strange tales that are current in the byways of our civilisation.—W. H. E.

When fairies dance a roundelay,  
And elfin pipes are sounding,  
When pixies at the close of day  
O'er moor and fen come bounding,

And throw their gentle glamour o'er  
The drover on his journey,  
And joy his senses to bemuse  
With magic, wine, and honey,

Then all the heather bells do ring,  
And shake in trembling steeple,  
While round about in merry rout  
Dance all the little people.

And round and round the drover goes,  
Shrill music piping o'er him,  
Which keeps him in the magic ring  
That pixies' power hath woven.

And ne'er shall he their spell undo,  
And break the fond illusion,  
Till he his coat turns inside out  
To snap the sweet delusion.

When he this solemn rite performs,  
The pixies' merry laughter  
Will follow him upon his way  
As they come trooping after.

Until he come within the town,  
Which pixies never enter,  
There leave him while they all return  
To moorland helter-skelter.

W. H. EVANS.



# The Resurrection of Jesus in the Light of Psychic Science

By THE REV. WILLIAM A. REID, M.A.

## II.—THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST.

SOONER or later the student of this subject must face the theological question as to The Person of Christ. He will have to ask, Who is He? What is the meaning of His life and death? Blood has been shed over these questions, tortures meted out to opponents, and ecclesiastical anathemas hurled at so-named "heretics." In reality the question narrows down to this—Is Jesus God, or is God in Jesus? Was He an ordinary man, "born of sinful flesh," the son of Joseph and Mary, Who so responded to God that "He and the Father are one"? Or were His birth, death, resurrection unique, and quite beyond the possible experience of ordinary humanity? If we take the first view, Jesus is our Elder Brother, who won His spurs, and asks us to follow in His steps so that we may share His throne with Him.

I have no hesitation in taking this first view. To me Christ Jesus is a true man, through whom God revealed the possibilities of full manhood, and at the same time revealed Himself. Jesus is Immanuel, God with us; and yet God, as Jesus Himself said, "is greater than He." Any hesitation we may have in taking this view is put to rest by considering the words of Jesus to Mary Magdalene just before His Ascension, "I ascend to My Father and your Father, to My God and your God." *Jesus, I feel assured, was most particular to show that everything that happened to Him, all He did, all He demonstrated, were equally possible to every son of man who followed in His steps.*

### JESUS WAS A JEW, AND SPOKE TO JEWS.

He belonged to "the Chosen People," but He was sent to them not because they were worthy, but because they were "the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The Jews were then, and probably are now, the most material of the nations, yet the prophetic literature of the Jews was the purest of that age, and in many respects it has not been surpassed. Into that noble prophetic heritage Jesus was born; but at His coming it was sadly obscured by the worldliness of the Sadducees, the dogmatism of the Scribes, the hypocritical puritanism of the Pharisees.

Let us never forget that Jesus lived and died a Jew, and performed all the national rites and ceremonies. In the strict sense He was not a reformer. He founded no sect. His church, like the Kingdom of God as He interpreted it, was not of this world. It was not an institution at all; it was a spiritual, idealistic, a mystical experience. It was a revival rather than a reformation. He came, as He said, to bring life and immortality to light by His teaching. That is, He showed His hearers how to live, and how to attain to eternal life. He seemed to find no call to found a new sect. He never told His Jewish hearers to cease being Jews, nor did He tell the Gentiles, whom He helped, to cease being heathen. Institutional religion was only to Him the spiritual dress of those born into certain nations and sects. To Him the "kingdom of heaven was within," and was known by its fruits.

The better grade of psychic messages, received from Swedenborg and up to the present moment, demonstrate that Jesus was the Prince Ambassador of God to declare the good news of eternal life.

It should never be forgotten that, as Jesus lived and died a Jew, the Resurrection demonstration was in the first instance local and national; and thereafter became of universal application through the testimony of Jews and others.

### THE AIM OF JESUS' RESURRECTION.

I know that *International Psychic Gazette* readers believe that God, the Supreme Intelligence of the Universe, had a plan with regard to Jesus. God knows His plans from the very beginning; He lives in an Eternal Now. We read that Jesus was the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"; so likewise was He the Lord risen from the foundation of the world. He appeared at the psychological moment, for the Jews first, and thereafter to be a light to the whole world. If I were asked to give in a sentence what I thought was God's plan in the Resurrection of Jesus, I should say, *it was to give us a picture of what a risen person, a risen son of man, is like.*

In line with what I have already written, and in elucidation of the concluding sentence in the last paragraph, I might thus summarise some particulars which I hope to substantiate more fully later:—

The aim of the Resurrection psychic phenomena is to show—

1. That we don't lie asleep in our graves until the Last Day, but that we rise out of our dead bodies when we "give up the ghost";
2. That the person who survives this death of his body is the same in essentials, yet is in some particulars different;
3. That we reap after the death of the body what we have sown while in the body; and
4. To give a clear and satisfactory demonstration of the early post-death history of a son of man. That is, we are not to expect the Resurrection story to take us far into the life of a departed spirit in the Unseen World; though we do get some of the principles which govern that risen life.

I believe that psychic science has completely proved all these four points.

### SOME PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

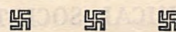
Those of us who have been brought up in Christian churches are apt to expect too much from the Bible resurrection narrative. It is no compliment to the Bible to make it sacrosanct and beyond criticism. It does not require any such special terms. It should be regarded as a mine of psychic phenomena for the psychic researcher to dig in. Because I so regard it, I am taking the narrative at its face value, and am disregarding certain minor discrepancies. If, therefore, we find certain psychic phenomena which do not seem to fit in easily to the circumstances we should not be disconcerted, as we are being given experiences, and never philosophisings. And these experiences are so fully vouched for elsewhere and through the ages that it is not worth while to plough through the intricacies of Biblical criticism. Hence in what follows I am taking the narrative as I find it in the New Testament.

I would say further, though it is obvious to students of racial history and of comparative religion, that the early Christians did not discover the fact of human survival; it was the common heritage of mostly all known religions. For a proof of this I would refer the reader to such books as "The Golden Bough" and "Folk Lore in the Old Testament" by Frazer. The Jews as a rule believed in a resurrection at the Last Day, the dead being asleep until that remote day. Jesus did not deny that some might sleep for a period after the death of the body; but He claimed to demonstrate in His own person that resurrection took place soon after death. Jesus always spoke of the dead as already risen. He said God was not the God of the dead but of the living. He showed Moses and Elias to three of His disciples as being still alive and intelligent.

It is obvious, therefore, that our resurrection does not in any way depend on the resurrection of Jesus. Such a claim was never made by Jesus, nor was it made in the whole New Testament, though certainly "if Jesus has not risen, no one else has risen." He is described in the Epistles as "the first fruits . . . the first born of the dead," in that they regarded Him as the best of God's risen sons.

*It is best and clearest to regard the resurrection of Jesus as only a demonstration of a universal fact.* Thus it supports the claims of psychic science, and psychic science supports the Bible facts.

I hope to discuss next month the point as to whether Jesus re-entered His material body after He gave up the ghost on the cross; and to draw conclusions therefrom in support of my contention that the resurrection of Jesus was a demonstration of a universal fact.



THE SOUL TRIUMPHANT.—Dr. Norman Macleod, in his work on "Love the Fulfilling of the Law," writes:—"The soul of man when it seeks God may triumph over outward circumstances, and make that which would crush him become a step on which to stand and elevate him nearer heaven. So have I known poor men who were so rich that kings might envy them; blind men who saw a light which was even as the light of life, in which God dwelt; deaf men who heard harmonies such as angels hear; and bowed down and decrepit and ungainly forms that were surely destined to become grand and beautiful as God's own kings."



## Letters to the Editor.

### "THE SOUL AS A PART OF NATURE."

12 Barrington Drive, Glasgow.

DEAR SIR,—For some time I did not feel certain that I understood your position *re* the nature of man. I think, however, I am right in saying that you believe man is a body plus a soul, and that both are "part of Nature." With that I have long been in agreement.

We know, for instance, that man's body arises from the union of the male and female sex cells, each contributing the same number of chromosomes, or race elements. These chromosomes under the microscope look identical; but they are no doubt very different. In any case, they produce bodies in general appearance human, though they are as different in detail as the leaves on a single tree.

Nobody thinks the physical body pre-existed, even though the elements which produced it stretch back into the womb of time. Now the soul seems to me to have had an identical origin. Shall we say it arose from psychic chromosomes, contributed equally by father and mother? There is no more reason to say that it pre-existed any more than the body. To posit pre-existence for the soul is as absurd as to posit pre-existence for the body.

It may then be asked what proof we have that body and soul don't disappear together, as there is every reason to assume that they came into being together. It is here that psychic science comes in. We must gather from it facts which demonstrate:—(1) the activity of the soul while the body still lives; and (2) the activity of the soul when the body is dead.

Our forefathers used to philosophise about this, and much can be said in reason for the survival of the soul; but the mainstay of this dogma must in the ultimate be psychic facts.

I feel you have established your contention that the soul is an organism, as complicate or more so than the body; but are you not forgetting that, as the soul has the body as a vehicle here, it will require another similar vehicle when the earth body dissolves? Hence the contention for two bodies—an earthly one and a spiritual or psychic one.

The words employed are nothing. I think we are driven by analogy and even by known facts to conclude that man is a spirit or soul, and has a material and a psychic body. The Bible in the phrase, "body, soul, and spirit" seems to regard the soul as the psychic body; but in ordinary current English "soul" and "spirit" are really interchangeable, and either may mean the person or the ego.

That the soul, as you say, has no life in itself outside of God, the All-life, seems to me incontrovertible. Yet the soul is more than a machine for transmitting the Divine Life; it has the power to shut off or to pervert the life. The soul may sicken and deteriorate; and at last die. In fact, if we make it part of Nature, as you rightly do, you cannot posit for it anything more than the possibility of immortality. This is the Egyptian, the Hebrew, and the Christian position as I understand it. The wages of sin is death, is therefore completely scientific.

Psychic science shows, I believe, that what is popularly called death is only casting the earthly shell; the living being persists; *but not necessarily for ever*. The more living a "soul" is the better and more glorious spiritual body will it produce; but sin "kills body and soul in hell."

Am I right in thinking that we agree in all but my idea that the soul or spirit always needs a body as a vehicle to express itself to other souls or spirits?—Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM A. REID.

[NOTE.—We are in perfect agreement with Mr. Reid, excepting on the one point that we *identify* the "soul" or "spirit" of man, with his spiritual body, which is the vehicle here and hereafter of the Universal Indivisible Spirit of God, in whom we live and move and have our being.—ED., I.P.G.]

### THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S OBJECTS.

DEAR SIR,—At the annual Convention of the T.S., reported in your July number, I should like to say that the resolution moved by me was smothered by a tactical "amendment" and that the Convention was thus denied the opportunity of expressing itself clearly on its substance. The important points to notice are: (1) that Mrs. Besant admitted that her propaganda of the World Teacher "in no way constituted an official teaching of the Theosophical Society"; and (2) that it does not come within the scope of the Three Objects of the Society. The President stated, however, (1) that the World Religion "arises naturally from the first Object"; (2) that "the World University is a development of the

Second Object"; (3) that "the Restoration of the Mysteries naturally touches on the Third Object"; and (4) that it was "a little late in the day" to start these objections—referred to in the resolution. These four statements may all be refuted emphatically:

(1) It cannot be admitted for a moment that the formation of a nucleus of universal brotherhood involves the formation of a World Religion, with definite articles of belief. If it does why were not these articles formulated in 1875, or earlier than October, 1925? The word "creed" in the First Object excludes such an official formulation.

(2) The World University is placed entirely in the hands of a few Bishops of the Liberal Catholic Church, which prohibits rather than otherwise the free "study" proposed by the Second Object.

(3) The restoration of the mysteries is in the hands of Bishop Wedgwood, and I heard it stated by him in Mortimer Hall that it consists in administering "initiations," to hasten the evolution of those fortunate enough to be selected. What has this to do with the Third Object?

(4) The President knows quite well that the objection to the World Teacher began almost immediately her propaganda was begun, and has continued consistently ever since. The World Religion was challenged within seven days of the receipt of her circular letter. The University was challenged at the National Council of January, 1926.—Yours faithfully,

W. LOFTUS HARE.

### KRISHNAMURTI'S MISSION.

30 Nightingale Road, Portsmouth.

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct a misapprehension which has cropped up in more than one paper, and which appears in the article in your August issue, entitled "Spirits read the *International Psychic Gazette*," where it is represented that Dr. Besant "claims that the Christ is reincarnated in Krishnamurti." No such claim is made. It is a pity that confusion is being introduced into this subject by the use of the words "reincarnate" and "reincarnation." May I state briefly the Theosophical teaching of reincarnation, as far as it affects the human stage of evolution? Along with the teaching that we reap *exactly* as we have sown, it is the keystone of Theosophy.

The teaching is that when we entered the human kingdom, each of us did so at the bottom of the ladder, as primitive, mindless, animal man. And the object for which we are here is to attain perfection of manhood, and to become eventually coadjutors of the Supreme in the Government of the Universe. For this purpose, the Eternal Principle overshadowing each of us, our Higher Self, puts forth into earth life successive mortal personalities of soul and body, as many successive personalities as are necessary in each individual case, in order to attain the great goal of perfection—the periods between earth life, both those spent in pleasant and also those spent in unpleasant or in neutral spheres, being mainly for the assimilation of past experience, or as a help towards the correction of earthly failings. But through all this time the Higher Self of any particular succession of personalities remains one and the same. And no claim is made that Mr. Krishnamurti's personality of to-day is one put into incarnation by the Higher Self of Him who became the Christ, which is what a "reincarnation of the Christ" would mean in the sense in which these terms are used by Dr. Besant and her followers. In fact any such claim is distinctly repudiated.

The only claim put forward is that the Christ has begun to make use of the body of this young man, as a vehicle for the delivery of His message to the world, at the beginning of a new age. Mr. Krishnamurti is no more a reincarnation of the Christ than is any other medium a reincarnation of any person who may happen to communicate through that medium.

As regards Mr. Krishnamurti himself, the only claim made on his behalf (not by himself) is that the Christ Himself considered him worthy and a suitable vehicle. This, one understands, would imply his possession of (amongst other qualifications) selflessness, as defined in that beautiful and most helpful article on that subject, in your last issue.

One understands that the Christ is not in continual possession of this young man's body, but will use it from time to time, on what he considers fitting occasions, as at the great gathering of men and women of all religions, at Adyar, last December, when the young Indian's speech changed from the third person to the first, from "He comes . . ." to "I come . . ."—I am, Yours faithfully,

J. A. EDWARD WREN.



# Reincarnation from the French Point of View.

By YVONNE FRAIGNEAU.

A GREAT difference of view exists among the Spiritualists of France and England concerning the destiny of the human soul after death. At the last International Congress of Spiritualists, held in Paris about a year ago, there was complete accord on all the questions discussed excepting Reincarnation, against which some objections were raised.

I will try to set out the numerous reasons which militate in favour of this great law of Justice, which I regard as the only true one among all the numerous hypotheses espoused by the various religious sects about the future of the soul. My personal conviction is that if the truth is not there, it is nowhere else.

In order to accept the idea of Reincarnation one must first of all admit, in the constitution of our nature, the presence of an immaterial principle—the soul or spirit. The editor of this *Gazette* has in numerous articles demonstrated the existence of this thinking principle. I presume, then, in beginning my exposé, that all my readers are convinced of its existence. But if the carnal body, created by the processes of physiological progression, will inevitably disintegrate and disappear, what is going to happen to that divine portion of us which can know no corruption since it is immaterial and eternal? From the beginning of time men have sought anxiously to solve this problem, without success. Long before the advent of Christianity, the races of antiquity—Egyptians, Hindoos, Greeks—were enlightened by rays of this divine law of Justice which certain illumined men like Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato came to teach. Then followed the Christ, the great Missionary of Love, whose name has resounded through the centuries and who, in the form of parables, taught that Reincarnation is the essential principle of evolution. The words he spoke to Nicodemus are proof of it, and they are categorical, when he said, "Verily, I say unto you, unless you are born again of water and of the spirit you will not see the kingdom of God." Now water is the symbol of matter, hence He meant, "Unless you are born again of flesh and of spirit," etc.

At the beginning of Christianity Origen and most of the Greek philosophers continued this teaching, and we can affirm that that was the belief of all Christians of that time. In A.D. 553 the Council of Constantinople, who condemned the writings of Origen, caused confusion and dissension on the subject. By degrees the truth became darkened, Christianity became distorted, and Catholicism under the domination of Rome assumed a preponderating place among the beliefs of the period. However, the East preserved in part the initial teaching, while the West became engulfed in narrow and false conceptions.

The light of Truth having become obscured, men, confused by the diverse promises of the various doctrines, fell into scepticism, and obeying their lower human instincts entrenched themselves in Materialism. And that is why, during so many centuries, humanity for lack of a true ideal did not progress morally, even though it advanced intellectually.

I mention this to show to English Spiritualists that the belief in Reincarnation is as old as the world, and that in spite of violent conflicts waged by different religions on behalf of the idea of a single existence—ending for a small number of pure souls in paradise, and for all the others in eternal punishment without hope of rehabilitation during eternity—the truth has never been absolutely stifled. Like some marvellous gem buried in the earth for ages, it has reappeared more resplendent than ever, to illumine with its rays the dark night of Materialism.

I come now to the clear explanations which Reincarnation gives us. We have all been struck with the inequalities which exist among human beings since their arrival in this world. These inequalities are physical, moral, and material. In vain have we sought a reason; the unfortunate people have cried out against the injustice of it, while the fortunate people have found it quite natural that a better fate should have befallen them. How could the divine Creator, who has put such perfect harmony into Nature, commit such an injustice at the highest and most perfect stage of His creation? Since we are all called upon to attain the same goal, equity requires that we should start with the same opportunities and for an equal duration of time. But not only have we inequalities of condition, but the time allotted to us, if we accept the idea of a single existence, would in itself be a cruel injustice, on account of its extreme variability. We often see, in fact, young persons, highly gifted in

heart and mind, start out on their careers, even before they have left the paternal roof, with full ability to control their free-will and act as responsible beings; but others, on the contrary, carry on their primitive selfishness and viciousness until an advanced age—they seem to possess a vitality that nothing will destroy, and to be established in life to enjoy and profit abundantly in everything. If we accept the principle of rebirths, this injustice becomes only an appearance, and for the impartial seeker of truth everything becomes clear and reasonable.

The teachings of the spirits, received through the interpretation of mediums in all parts of the world are all in accordance. I only speak, of course, of the phalanxes of superior spirits whose refinement of soul has enabled them to observe the natural laws of evolution ever since their arrival in the heavenly region. These spirits teach us that we are all at first atoms in the atmosphere, then we pass through all the kingdoms, mineral, vegetable and animal, and at last after thousands of years we attain humanity.

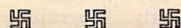
At this point we are all equal, that is to say, neuter, without good or evil. Pursuing a common destiny God has armed us all equally. We have at our service the same elements: consciousness and free-will. But just as two workers, occupied in the same business, will take a longer or shorter time to complete their task, according to their efforts, so we, the divine artisans, will take more or fewer existences to free our soul from its material sheath and to enable it to realise thought in its pure essence.

Our first bodily envelope is coarse, with our instincts more fully developed than our intelligence. Our psychical body itself (which we call the *perispirit*) is then composed of dense magnetic fluids, grey in colour, for that kind of opacity renders its vibrations less easy to transmit, its subject being less sensitive but his capacity for physical endurance considerable.

Then little by little our evolution is accomplished. Work and suffering purifies everything that is gross, and by the marvellous operation of cause and effect man, having become his own arbiter, goes forth from his primitive stage according to his successive births. He will ascend through love, the practice of good and the experience of the beautiful, even to the sublime heights of divinity. He is a god in formation; whatever may be his present attainments he will at last arrive at the supreme goal.

When we know this evolutionary law, with what indulgence ought we to consider our weaker brethren? What pity and what moral support ought we to give even to the criminal and to him whose first steps in humanity have deviated from the right way? If we reflect about it who of us has not often met dull souls, in unwieldy bodies, with their stupid gaze and coarse appetites and tastes, which correspond to that type of primitive man, but little higher than the brute beast. In our overweening pride, we have thought in seeing them that our superiority over them was quite natural and that they were the miserable victims of chance.

But that is not so, for there is no such thing as chance. Everything has been foreseen and willed; we have all started at the same stage. In truth, it is painful for high and mighty persons to accept this idea of original inferiority and of now having to extricate themselves from the elementary stages through which they have passed during ages that are gone. Up till now, apart from the conception of successive lives, the galling social inequalities around us have not been accounted for. But the light is at hand; let us seek it; and it will fill us; for he who asks receives.



I think of the life after death as a life of full consciousness, a life which carries with it the possibilities of higher fellowship and higher friendship than even the sacred and happy friendships of this life. I think of it as a life of progress and purification, in which "they shall go from strength to strength until unto the God of gods appeareth every one of them in Sion."—*The Bishop of Lincoln*.

FLORENCE MARRYAT says in her book, "The Spirit World":—"Until Spiritualists band together, until they learn how to treat their mediums properly, and cease to believe every falsehood they may hear against them, I fear we shall go on as we do now—shall remain an unrecognised, persecuted, ridiculed, and presumably lawless people."



## THE BLESSEDNESS OF PEACE

INSPIRATIONALLY RECEIVED BY LILY JARVIS.

"BLESSED are the Peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Oh! that the peace of God could rest over this restless world, like a dove brooding upon its nest! Oh! that great Peacemakers would arise, and co-operate together for the coming of a world-wide peace! Oh! that for a short space they could view things from our spiritual vantage-ground! They would then realise the importance of promoting peace, and would strain all their energies, ultimately bring peace and prosperity to the suffering nations of the world.

But the time is not yet, for the law has to be worked out, and not one iota can be left out or glossed over. But believe me, God is still in His heaven, and all's well with the earth! Man's puny efforts cannot alter the destiny of the world. Raise up your heads then, for are you not divine even as He is divine? Try to rise above the material, and to live your life on a higher plane. Try to be in the world but not of it. Then life's worries will pass you by and be as shadows, for you will be sustained by a Higher Power, enriched by a higher knowledge and enabled by a higher outlook. You will no more be of the earth, earthy, but you will be of the spirit, spiritualised, ever seeking higher avenues of thought and trying to express yourselves through the medium of your own spiritual consciousness.

May you ever live up to your loftiest ideals! Live only for the best; think only the best thoughts, and do not debase your minds by jealousy or revenge, for such feelings mar the purity of your spiritual robes, and their effects will be seen later on in your spirit homes. Oh! that people could but realise the importance of their inmost thoughts! Learn by every means in your power to control your thoughts, for if you keep them pure, then your actions also will be pure. Do not think they are totally hidden away, for your minds are to us as an open book; we can read every thought therein, and I can assure you it is often very painful reading. Learn then to cultivate inward peace and repose. Be tranquil. Be evenly balanced. Then shall you know the great blessing of peace even while you are in the midst of strife.

## BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

FROM FOUR WHO ARE DEAD. Messages to C. A. Dawson Scott. London: Arrowsmith, 5/- net.

These messages were, it is claimed, received automatically by Mrs. Dawson Scott from her husband, her cousin, her great-uncle and Mr. W. T. Stead; and Miss May Sinclair, who writes the introduction thinks them "in many ways remarkable," and that they give "the only reasonable account of the life beyond death that I have yet seen." This personal assessment of their value is obviously written from only a slight acquaintance with the literature of the subject.

MADAME BLAVATSKY. By G. Basenden Butt. London: Rider & Co. 10/6 net.

This work claims to be the first interesting and consecutive narrative of the incidents and intrigues associated with the origin and development of the Theosophical Society. It is in the form of a life of Madame Blavatsky, the chief founder of the movement, and "one of the most remarkable and mysterious personages of modern times." The story of her childhood, wanderings, marriages, life in Russia, India, England, and America, her occult powers and contact with Mahatmas is told in sixteen readable chapters which should be especially acceptable to Theosophists. The author has relied chiefly on the writings of Colonel Olcott and Mr. A. P. Sinnett for the details, but he gives his own independent views of her many-sided character with much frankness.

THE SOUL OF JACK LONDON. By Edward Biron Payne. London: Rider & Co. 5/- net.

This book is partly biographical and partly a presentation of interesting after-death communications from the famous novelist known as "Jack London." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says in the preface:—"Personally I was aware that a strong soul dying prematurely with many earth interests in its thoughts would be very likely to come back. But especially would this be the case for Jack London, since he was a man of great resolution and dynamic force. So convinced was I of this that I took the liberty a year or so after his death to write to his widow and to point out to her the overwhelming evidence of such possibility, and the fact that of all men her husband was the most likely to take advantage of it if the right conditions were afforded. Mrs. London received my intrusion with courtesy, but I am not aware that any practical steps were taken toward this end. They seem now to have come from the other side." The main themes of the scripts are the ego and the world, and their immortal meanings.

FRENCH SPIRITUALIST LITERATURE.—We have received from the Library of Modern Spiritualist Philosophy and Psychic Science, 8 Rue Copernic, Paris, the following books, which we heartily recommend to Spiritualists who can read French: (1) "La Foi Nouvelle," by Professor Henri Brun, who tells the story of how in one year, from being a Free-thinker he became an ardent Spiritualist, and discusses the New Faith in its relation to Society, Science, and the School. It is written throughout with stirring eloquence; price 2 francs 50.—(2) "Une Lueur dans la Nuit," by Mme. E. de B., containing over 200 pages of spirit-communications from a Guide named "Francis," who discourses instructively on Spiritualism, death, the soul, the universe, religion, science, mediums, and human destiny in their many aspects, and justifies the title by proving that Spiritualism is indeed a light shining brightly in the world's night; price 6 francs.—(3) "Jeanne d'Arc, Medium," by Léon Denis, the well-known admirable and highly poetic book on Joan of Arc, written by France's Grand Old Man of Spiritualism. This is the work which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle honoured by himself translating it into English. In this original French edition it contains about 400 pages and only costs 7½ francs.—These three books may be procured, at the present rate of exchange, for 3/-, post free!

## THOUGHTS AT A SPRING.

BY JESSIE FREEMAN.

HILLS green, and towering into the perfect blue sky, the fields fragrant with earth's common yet beautiful flowers, buttercups, daisies, red clover and sanfoin, the incessant babbling of water over smooth-faced pebbles, surely the sweetest music for any ears on a warm summer day!

I followed a winding narrow path at the foot of a hill, and entered a cool shady paradise where, even when brightest sunshiny reigns without, twilight dwells, so thick and spreading are the trees. Down circling all around England's largest rivers. Here it rushes out of the hills a miniature cataraet, to be joined a little farther on by other similar cataraets. Rushing, rushing night and day, year in, year out, a never-ceasing supply of cold, spring water, here a tiny brook, but gathering force as it journeys onwards, until in the end it grows into a graceful shining river, opening out into the sea. What a tiny beginning, and what a stupendous end!

God's goodness is like that—ever flowing, unceasing, never failing, though years may come and go. We have but to cast our eyes around to behold His bounty, but to stretch out our hand to grasp His numerous gifts. That tiny spring is like a thought too, a thought given to a receptive mind. At first such a tiny thing, yet growing and gathering force as it travels on, until in the end its influence may be felt in ever-widening circles. Great powerful souls have had even smaller beginnings, just a word, a deed, awakening something within them, making them realise their innate possibilities, then like the stream once set in motion they journey on, here and there a pebble may stay their course for a moment, yet overcoming all difficulties, and gradually gaining power, until in the end they number among the truly great ones of the earth, doing good wherever they go, helping and bringing new life to weary ones, just as the babbling stream revives the thirsty flowers on its banks.

THE EDINBURGH PSYCHIC RESEARCH CENTRE.—On Sunday, July 11th, the closing service of the session was held in the New Gallery, Shandwick Place, when Mrs. Henderson, the hon. secretary, said the attendance at the public seances had increased so greatly that admission was now given by card only. In the developing class every member had acquired clairvoyance, some had the gift of psychometry, and the young mediums were coming on well. Four hundred and five treatments had been given on the Spiritual Healing afternoon. At the Rescue Circles, two hundred and twenty-six names had been given of unfortunate brothers and sisters in the darker spheres, who through instruction and prayers were now working their way towards the light. Messrs. Craig and George Falconer, the mediums for psychic photography, had taken two hundred and twenty-seven photographs during the year, and a large number of the extras on the plates had been recognised by sisters. At the Sunday services, eight hundred and fifty-six clairvoyant descriptions and two hundred and ninety-eight names had been given, many of them being identified. Mr. William Taylor Falconer, the husband and father of the mediums, took ill on the 11th July. This event came as a great shock for Mr. Falconer had seemed so well and bright a few days before.



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